vening Bublic Tiedger THE EVENING TELEGRAPH PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CTRUS H. K. CURTIS, Pagaiogny harles H. Ludington, Vice President; John C rite, Secretary and Treasurer; Philip S. Collins B. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Directors EDITORIAL BOARD: Cravs H. K. Curris, Chairman AVID E. SMILEY. Edito IN C. MARTIN General Business Manager Inhed daily at Public Lancar Building,
Independence Square, Philadelphia,
I CENTRAL. Broad and Chestnut Street
IC CITY Press Union Building
ONE 208 Metropolitan Towe
7. 403 Ford Building
I 1008 Fullerton Building
O. 1202 Tribane Building

NGTON BUREAU.

E. Cor. Pennsylvania Ave. and 14th Stone Buneau.

The Sun Building Bureau.

London Times SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

The Evening Pusic Lengus is served to sub-oribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve (12) cents per week, payable to the carrier. carrier.
mail to points outside of Philadelphia. In nited States, Canada, or United States pos-is, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month. Notice Subscribers wishing address changed

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

Member of the Associated Press THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not cherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved

Philadelphia, Saturday, July 13, 1918

NOT THE RIGHT WAY TO RECOM-MEND A MAN

WE DO not know whether Edward R. Gudehus is the best man in sight for principal of recreation centers, but we de know that the methods which are being used to bring about his employment are such as would not be justified even if he were the most skilled and experienced rec reation specialist in the country.

The Board of Recreation seems to hesttate over the appointment, and the Mayor is said to have told the reluctant members that they must agree on Gudehus or get out. That is, he is charged with the purpose of jamming the appointment through over the heads of the officials who are au thorized by law to exercise their discretion. It seems to be regarded as necessary to "take care of" this man who has n Senator Vare's secretary.

He may be admirably qualified for the post to which he aspires, but he should be the first to regret that his friends find it necessary to use strong-arm methods to persuade the Board of Recreation to surrender its judgment to them.

The introduction of the skip-stop on the Philadelphia trolley lines suggests that timid persons may take up airplaning as the only remaining means of safe travel.

THE MARINES' DRIVE FOR MEN

GERMANS who were hopelessly mauled in the first American advance in France had the marines for adversaries. Ever since their experience in that fight they have been called the American devil-hounds. The name stuck. It is likely to be historic. The marines them selves have accepted it gleefully. It fits them, because they are hounding devils.

The marines have been in two hundred and forty engagements since the Spanish American War. "And." says Lieutenan S. A. Katcher, who recruits for them here, "they haven't lost one scrimmage!"

That is a noble record. The marine has maturity of poise and a professional balance that many soldiers and sailors lack. He has roughed it in all the far places of the world, and it is to his ever lasting glory that the terrible fighting that distinguishes him has invariably been done for the sake of order and the rights of the weak. The U. S. M. C. is known all over the earth as the finest fighting organization in existence. The test of the fighting spirit of any community is in the numbe of men it can furnish to this American corps d'elite. Such knowledge as this should be adequate to enlist the aid of the entire city for the marines in the recruit ing campaign which begins on Bastille Day, tomorrow.

There is no tobacco in Germany, Cherry leaves, beech leaves and hops are the substitutes. But the Kaiser's dreams make ! appear that he has far stronger stuff to amoke in his pipe,

HOG ISLAND'S DAY OF TRIUMPH 66T HAVE been in every great shipyard of the world," said Hiram Maxim yes terday, "and I have never seen anything that parallels Hog Island." Some day or other when the war is over it might be worth while to issue a call for a congress of those prophets of doom who used to speak of the new Philadelphia shipyard as a mere delusion and an orgie o

plunder. The voices of that particular bund will be raised, by that time, in lamentation over something else. A second thought suggests that it might be more fitting when peace is declared, to call for honors and for review the thousands of men, humble laborers and devoted engineers, who toiled through the bitterness of last winte with freezing concrete and frozen earth without praise or encouragement, to lay the foundation for this Eighth Wonder of the World. The world doesn't even know their names, yet it profits by the work they did and glories in it. Such is life.

The exemption of dance halls under the elevator restriction order of the fuel administration suggests a new victory slogan, "The Bunny-Hug Will Win the War!"

BASTILLE DAY

MONORROW France celebrates the de struction of the Bastille, the evil old fortress of absolutism that was razed by Parisian patriots on July 14, 1789. It is day as sacred to the French as our Inde pendence Day is to Americans.

Henceforward any day that is dear to the French will also be dear to us. We can never forget Harry Lauder's simple and splendid words: "I own a bit of France my son's buried there." French soil is ours are brothered and sistered in a union pride and sacrifice that can never be gotten. Tomorrow is our holiday as ell as France's. If you have a tricolor.

DR. MUEHLON'S WARNING

Germany Still United in Blood Madness, But Will Crumple Like a Bully When Whipped ONCE again Hertling is banging his

drum to call the world into his sideshow tent. "See the remarkable Hohenzollern Peace!" he barks; "Looks just like the real thing!" But unluckily for Hertling, Doctor Muehlon, the former Krupp director, is circulating in the crowd, telling what the Fake Peace looks like from the inside. It is a grinning Prussian totem, with no single human organ; jointed with bayonets, lubricated with blood and tears. No, Mr. Hertling, while we have such blazing words as those of Doctor Muchlon to rely on we will confine our patronage to the main tent where the real show is going on. For the love of humanity, and for the sake of the truth and honor that men have died to save, let us not even in curiosity enter Hertling's side show to examine his automatic dove.

Mr. Kospoth, special correspondent of this newspaper in Switzerland, has had the good fortune to interview Doctor Muehlon, the Krupp director who resigned from the gun corporation because he could not stomach the blind and willful blood mania of Germany. What Doctor Muchlon has to say is printed elsewhere in this issue; it is of the gravest and most urgent importance. Not only does he condemn the cynical ambitions of the Prussian military cult from out of their inmost citadel, but he shows plainly why the Allies must set their faces flintily against any peace gas ejected by the unrepentant and unbeaten empire. It is only right to read these new words of Doctor Muehlon in connection with his previous statements. We cannot be too often reminded of his famous letter to Bethmann-Hollweg on May 7, 1917 (a significant anniversary). He then wrote:

Since the first days of 1917 I have abandoned all hope as regards the present directors of Germany. • • • The accentuation of the submarine war, the deportations of Belgians, the systematic destruction in France and the torpedoing English hospital ships have so degraded he governors of the German empire that I am profoundly convinced that they are disqualified forever for the elaboration and conclusion of a sincere and just agree ment. • • The German people will not be able to repair the grievous crime: committed against the whole human race until it is represented by different men with a different mentality.

What we have to face now is Doctor Muchlon's bitter confession that the whole German nation is still united in the frantic energy of madness under the military leaders who have degraded it in the eyes of humane men. In spite of repeated deception and disappointment, Germany still believes that military victory is within her grasp; and a military victory that will repair with annexations and enormous indemnities the bloody frenzy that has shaken her life and reason. Philip Gibbs has been telling us in his dispatches from France to this newspaper that German prisoners recently captured are big men of fine physique, well nourished and full of spirit. It would be folly to blind ourselves to the fact that Germany is still husbanding a blow which may be no less terrific than

the onslaught of last spring. Yet is is no mere rhapsody to say that during this critical summer the tide has definitely changed. At the March equinox the sky seemed black indeed. When the red moon of September rounds toward the full we think the Kaiser will feel the long, steady tug of the downward ebb. "Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight, and Time that gave doth now his gift confound." The Prussiar philosophy has indeed raised against itself forces as deen and as potent as those of the deep sea tides. When men high in its own evil caste stand out to cry in bitterness against the blood-nightmare the scroll of heaven is writ plain for eyes to read, The Carrion Empire is doomed; the Caliph of Hell may feel the vast fabric creak and quiver beneath his feet.

It is not going to be easy; and yet it may be, as Mr. Kospoth predicts, that the Kaiser's empire will collapse with the brittle swiftness of a tower of cards. But we are taking no chances. On every street, in every home, in the eyes of every man and woman and in the play of every child one may see symbols of the infinite concentration of heart and hand to the one supreme task. The very earth beneath our feet seems to throb with this "stuff of triumph." There can be no palter and no palaver now that Black and White are face to face. Germany would welcome "sincere" peace proposals, Hertling has just said to the Reichstag. She will find our sincerest proposals in the neighborhood of Chateau-Thierry. We are done, once and for all, with the quackery, the duplicity, the leering mockery and brutal tricks of the Berlin blood mongers. Side by side with those who have seen the truth from the beginning we are in this to bring peace in the only possible way: the downfall and abasement and utter treading out of the militarism of Berlin.

The world owes a debt of respect to the few honorable and fearless Germans like Doctor Muehlon who have refused to be hoodwinked by the tragic dementia that has blackened the face of a land we all once loved. He, and a few others. have seen what is coming.

One may be permitted to hope that enough stimulating drink may be left in the country to toast the fall of Kaiserism.

SOLDIERS' RELATIVES ABROAD

THE explanation given by the Government through General March, Chief of Staff, for its refusal to permit women relatives of officers and soldiers to visit or serve abroad is complete and adequate.

War, General March points out, requires above all else singleness of interest and purpose. Wives or sisters behind the lines might not intend to worry officers or soldiers. But the officers and soldiers would

worry nevertheless at every threat of a

German advance Though the wife of a French officer may be but a few miles from her husband's flost, she is not permitted to see him. The English Government recalled all the women relatives of officers and men from France long ago. The Allies' experience with war has been longer and bitterer than ours, and we shall be wise to profit by it

German efficiency is soon to meet the ultimate test. The time has come when the Fatherland is in bitter need of a courage

HINDENBURG

GENERAL LUDENDORFF has been for a long time the Iron Man of Germany. The death of Hindenburg, if it has actually occurred, will not of necessity make any difference whatever in German military

Hindenburg was at best a talkative old soldler with a genius for military strategy of a particular sort. Events on the Russian front in the early days of the war conspired to thrust him up like a flame from obscurity. He became the individual in whom the German Government shrewdly dramatized its own military, ego for the satisfaction of the mob. The victories credited to Hindenburg were won, doubtless, by more alert and obscure commanders. But a nation, in every moment of exaltation, is disposed to seize upon one human figure which it holds up as a mirror and in which it believes it can see its own likeness as a thing of splendor. All Germany liked to imagine itself as Hindenburg was supposed to be-strong. determined, magnificent, assured, unbeat-

Crowd psychology is a science in Berlin. The Government encouraged all the grim delusions about Hindenburg. The mood in which German imagination exalted the head of the army was the mood of solfworship. The people held the old marshal in awe. But it has been no secret that most of the army officers held him in amused contempt.

It has been said that the Russians cannot fight." But they seem to be doing pretty well among themselves.

WILL THE COVERNMENT BE FAIR TO THE FRANKFORD ELEVATED?

PWENTY-FIVE miles of new subway Ilines with seventy-seven miles of track are about to be put in operation in New York. Work on them was not stopped by the war. The contractors have pushed them to completion.

We are annulling our subway contracts here, made before America entered the war, and we are finding it difficult to complete the Frankford elevated line because no one seems able to get the necessary steel and cement.

Director Twining has assured the Frankford business men that as soon as the city can persuade the War Department to let us have the steel the work will be pushed.

This elevated line and the Broad street subway are no less important than the New York rapid transit lines which have been completed. We have made such concessions to the Government by temporarily abandoning the other lines that in common decency it should give priority orders for as much steel and cement as are needed to put the Frankford elevated line in shape to carry trains.

The rate at which the submarines are seing sunk shows that they have properly been called undersea boats.

THE FUTURE OF THE FLEETS

EDWIN N. HURLEY, chairman of the United States Shipping Board, in his predict the future uses of the great fleet now building in American yards. It was a vivid picture that he drew-of the great American fleets carrying decently made American goods and the ideal of the square deal to the four corners of the world.

American commercial methods abroad. and especially in South America, have not always been representative of the ideal which is now uppermost in this country. But American business never descended to the meditated villainies that have characterized the procedure of some of its competitors. The war happily is training the American business man to a new international point of view.

The business men of a nation rather than its ambassadors are the real inspiration of popular opinion in foreign countries. American business, prior to the war, permitted itself to be represented in South America by too many provincials disposed to look with amused contempt on any one who was not of their own habits of mind and any one who didn't happen to know their language. Germany, more suave and far more clever, penetrated the Latin-American republics and, under the mask of adaptability and good manners, prepared for the ruthless exploitation of half the American continent.

The new fleets will serve mightily in the future if they carry, with American-made goods, the true ideal of Americanism and men able and willing to carry that ideal

Gutzon Borglum has hobbed up on the sky-Borglum line once again to de-claim that a defective airplane caused the death of John Purroy Mitchel. Gutzon has yet to learn that there is one thing quite as dangerous to the country as defective

Gudehus has at least one qualification to recommend him as playground chief. He playground chief. He

The brewers say they The World Against will fight for coal.

Them They will have plenty of company and a lively time. Everybody else will have to fight for coal.

And Both Sides Boyne was fought 228 years ago yesterday, and it has lasted Are Losing! mage in history.

Who will compos jolly, uproarious drinking song to go with strawberry soda?

Ladies and gentlenien, meet the beer

THE CHAFFING DISH

With great regret we prist the final in stallment of Mr. McFee's serial. The Chaf-fing Dish can only hope for more such dis-patches from its distinguished correspondent. In the meantime, it suggests that its clients employ the time by reading Mr. McFee's books.

Mediterranean Meditations By William McFee Engineer Sub-Lieutenant, R. N. R. Part III

WISH you could step aboard and join us some evening at dinner. There's no beer, but we have the Old Stuff and gin and benedictine. Or better still would it be if you could accompany us to a place within the meaning of the act which I, even I. have had the honor of discovering. For some time we followed the lead of the others and sat on the veranda of the hotel and were robbed. It was like drinking liquid gold, for beer and stout were 2 6 a pint. I said: "Look here, I'm going to stay aboard. . I shall be a pauper at the end of the war and the dago who owns this joint will be buying London at Tokenhouse Yard. Let's quit!" Well, they wouldn't. They sat on and continued to be robbed.

AND one day I went for a walk along the Sweet Water canal, and it came to pass that I happened upon a house set in a garden, and inscribed upon the walls of that house I read the word Restorante. And when I had come round to the front of that house I saw yet another magic word: Beer. And the tongue of me was cleaving to the shingles of my mouth. So I entered and found no one. The halls were deserted save for a yellow cat with a prominent chin which made her look like a spinster of good family but poor income. I debouched upon a vine-covered doorward and peered into the cool gloom of an immense kitchen. A little old woman in a black dress came skipping out and I asked her in my very best Entente if she had any beer. Yes, she had beer. Then I said Bring me some, for I perish of dreuth. And I walked forth into the garden.

Now this garden was a series of inter-secting tunnels, the roof of which was vine leaves, and grapes not yet ripe huns like clusters of tade beads in the shadow And between the tunnels were squares of cultivation whereon stood fig trees and peach and apple and apricot and quince and orange. And young lambs gamboled before me. (It is true one turned and made as though to charge at me head down, but held my stick in front and showed him my fingers crossed, whereupon he fled it disorder.) And then I came upon green tables with high legs, for they were used for grape-cutting, and chairs and a notice beseeching the stranger to refrain from destroying the flowers and trees. And, pursuing my way onward through the tunnel of vines. I came upon a stairway leading upward to a kind of arbor, which I ascended and found myself in a pleasannce so cool and charming that I gave thanks and sat down to look across the sea of green foliage at the many-colored domes of Hub-el-Bubl in the distance, and a g 'eat bird sitting a little way off upon a palm tree gave me a wink of welcome.

SURELY, I thought, this is the Garden of Eden and the Serpent has moved on. And I became aware of the old lady running about the garden seeking for me, for I could hear the glass and the bottle lingle on the tray. So I clapped my hands loudly, the great bird took offense and sailed away. and the old lady hastened up the steps and (as the story writers say) I knew no more. In a moment I had plunged my features into a feaming edition of what you call "bock," only this was what the French call "un bock formidable," and the sound of the old lady's voice as she told ne the price of a pint bottle was only eight plaster: was like the voice of an angel.

WE GO there every night now. There's the Doc., a shrewd London Irishman who loves to make caustic comments There's the Chief, a disillusioned Ulsterman who exists in deep gloom. There's the Third Officer, who is in love. We form a small select society for the assimilation of malt liquor. It's such a treat to get away from the ship and from the hot haddle of khaki on the hotel veranda.

Excuse me! We're just going up there

Hay Febrifuge

If they are going to make the country one-dry, we hope they'll wait until after the hay-fever season. The only assuagement we have ever found for that abom inable ailment is frequent ministrations of shandygaff.

If you don't know what shandygaff is ask the man in the white apron to mix you a glass of beer and ginger ale.

The University of Cologne has sent the Kaiser a congratulatory telegram. We can't help wondering what for.

To the Unknown Philosopher Some one writes to us (without signing any name) on notepaper embossed "Columbia University. Department of Philosophy,

asking permission to call. The writer's address is given as Richmond street, Philadelphia. If any one knows this anonymous phil-

osopher will they tell him (or her) that Socrates is always at home for serious Don't be alarmed by the elevator. Just

jump out as it goes by. An Amsterdam dispatch says that Von Hintze, the new German Foreign Minister.

can quote Shakespeare by the hour. Undoubtedly he has the following by heart from "The Merchant of Venice," Act i. Scene 2:

is a man of such rare cultivation that he

man, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

FORTIA—Very vilely in the morning,
when he is sober; and most vilely in the
afternoon, when he is drunk; when he is best he is a little worse than a man when he is worst he is little better

And while Admiral von Hintze is doing his hour's recitation we might also call on him for "Much Ado About Nothing," Act iii, Scene 2, line 35. SOCRATES.

Before the Storm three days to conside the Treasury's new taxation plan, seems about to recover its breath and the power for utterance. For once the resumption of congressional debate

AMERICA IN ALSACE

What Bastille Day, 1918, Means to Our United States BY BARTON BLAKE

from Wisconsin and Michigan stand guard on three sectors of Alsatian soil and fight to restore to France still more of what from 1871 to 1914 was a part of Ger-

That is the message from France that comes in time for Bastille Day-the birthday of French' freedom and the world's. It brings certain facts home to us. It helps to knit American and French hearts even as the circumstance that there are American soldiers at Domremy, the town

TET us make no mistake: the Germans L do not fail to read the symbolism of the early presence of American fighting men in Alsace-Lorraine-the symbolism of their battling there on July 14. Germany knows now that America's idea of victory includes the return to France of those parts of Alsace-Lorraine which are still ground under Prussia's heel. After the Zahern incident Herr von Jazow, later Foreign Minister, confessed in 1913 that "in Alsace we Germans are obliged to behave as in enemy territory." As if to prove to Germany that the "Lost Provinces" are foreign, nearly 20,000 Alsatians and Lorrainers who had been forced to serve in the German army have found their way into the French service since 1914; to say nothing of the much greater number of earlier emigrants who chose for France. After more than forty years' colonization, exploitation and government of Alsace-Lorraine such figures, such an avowal by a responsible administrator are at once a confession of governmental ineptitude and an indictment of Prussia's inability to make friends. Even in Germany this is well realized; and the latest German proposals respecting Alsace-Lorraine involve the sharing of these provinces with Bavaria-presumably a milder

 $N_{
m troops}^{
m or}$ before the war, but before American troops entered Alsace as champions of justice, the voice of America had been heard in that land.

"The wrong done to France by Prussia in 1871 in the matter of Alsace-Lorraine should be righted," said President Wilson in his congressional message of January 8, 1918, thus ranging himself beside British Lloyd George, Winston Churchill and Arthur Balfour in insisting on justice for France and her Lost Provinces as one of the essential "restorations, reparations and guarantees" upon which the ultimate peace must be based. Americans are rightly proud that in committing them to stand beside their ailies for this restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France Woodrow Wilson was far-seeing and just, as well as generous-spirited. He realized that Aisace-Lorraine is properly French. But he also underlined the fact that the burglarizing and attempted Germanization of Alsace-Lorraine had meant the poisoning of political relations among the Powers of Europe and the indorsement of the policy of brute force as a successful national policy. Only when Alsace-Lorraine is French again can there be peace once more, a peace that is not a stop-gap and a share for all peace flovers, east and west

NO VISUALIZE Alsace and Lorraine conmountain country, and industrial areas to decide its own fate?

NDER the Stars and Stripes soldiers | that are of great military and economic worth, but that are less in area than Massachusetts and not much larger than Connecticut. Reflect also that by overplaying her hand against Bismarck's better judgment and seizing these portions of France at the close of the Franco-Prussian War Germany not only gained control of the eastern doorway that leads into France. not only wounded French pride but also fatally handicaped French industry and as enormously benefited her own; above all, enormously benefited the national istry of Prussia—war. On May 20. 1915, representatives of German industry explained to their Imperial Chancellor tha during the war the minerals of Lorrain had supplied 80 per cent of the manufacture of German iron, and concluded: "If production in Locraine were interfered

AT THE BASTILLE

O PUT Germany back into such a place I in Europe as it is safe for the fest of the world that this consciously predatory Power should occupy it is clearly essential to take from her the soil of Lorraine, which she gained by the cheating and bloodshed of the Franco-Prussian War. By-war on land and in the air-for American airmer should in the not remote future play a leading part in "interfering with produc tion in Lorraine"-it will be the pride of Americans that while we shall be helping France to regain her own, we shall also be removing a standing menace to the peace of all the world. And it will be our pride that we shall be enforcing the principle that the era for "conquests" has gone by: that robbery remains robbery; that the burglar's trade is not a happy one, since in the end he must disgorge his booty, even if fifty years after.

THE people of Germany's "western fron-

with the war would be just about lost!"

I tier" made known their aspirations as long ago as 1871. Six hundred and twenty thousand of them made it known by leaving their homes; they loved home, but they refused to stay there and run the risk of becoming Germans. In making possible their return and the freedom of those who stuck it out, or of their descendants, we shall be proving once more the principle that the government of a people is founded upon the consent of the governed. The Deputies of Alsace-Lorraine declared in the French National Assembly (February 16, 1871): "Alsace and Lorraine do not wish to be alienated. United to France during more than two centuries, through good and bad fortune these two provinces, unendingly exposed to the blows of the enemy, have constantly made a sacrifice of themselves for the na tional greatness. They have sealed with their blood the indissoluble pact which at taches them to the French unity. . . Modern Europe cannot let a people be seized like dumb cattle. Guardians as they are of justice and of the law of peoples. the civilized nations cannot longer remain blind to the lot of their neighbors or they, too, must fall in their turn victim to such assaults as they will have tolerated."

WHO shall say that history is not a prophet, after all? And what American does not glow to the glory of associating himself with the righting of a great wrong against peace, against nationality ceive of wooded and watered lands, and | and against the right of a civilized people

READERS VIEWPOINT

Anxious About Governor Brumbaugh To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger

Sir—As the Governor of Pennsylvania, Dr. Martin Grove Brumbaugh, is now on his last lap as Executive of a great Commonwealth.

I am seriously concerned as to the future of
the man. His administration has disqualified him for the ministry, and as he is too proud to run a peanut stand his future is so prida-ble that I, therefore, being responsible to a greater extent than any other man in Penn-sylvania for his nomination as Governor and so deeply interested in the humane side of the matter, invite suggestions from progres-sive and inventive and percentive-mided sive and inventive and percentive-minded men and women, soldiers and statesmen, Red Cross and White Cross and double-crossed politicians and prohibitionists as to what they consider the best layout for the soon-tobe ex-Governor and may "God save the Con-monwealth." JOHN W. FRAZIER, Philadelphia, July 12.

He Can't Get Coal

To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger:
Sir—I am one of the people who followed
the advice of Mr. Lewis, coal administrator,
and placed my coal order for six tons
about April 3 or 4, and up to the present
time have not received a pound of coal and
the dealer's last excuse is that the Government is confiscating all stove coal for use on transports, etc. Why doesn't Mr. Potter and Mr. Lewis give us a fair deal and compel the coal dealer to fill orders in rotation as were placed? You quoted Mr Lewis n Monday's paper as saying that "one-half of coal orders had been delivered." If this s so, why was not the cost ordered during the first week in April delivered?

The Kaiser's Battle Song

This war has been rather too tragic, not to say cosmic, to admit of the writing, as yet, of much adequate war poetry or war humor, but occasionally poetry and satire get into the same package, and then we are cheered up! What follows is from the Philadelphia Evening Public Lenger and is by Christopher Morley, who calls it Hymn of the Kaiser".

1. I in the midst of battle

In my motor carnage rode, Where the deadly telephones rattle

And the bulleting explode I. I in the midst of fighting.
Where the field kitchen stands at bay

And the staff their nails are biting. I faced the communique.

This sounds to us like some of the translations of poor old Heine and the lyrics in Wagner's operas. Also it proves again that Wagner's operas. Also n proves one doesn't have to lose one's temper to go one doesn't have to lose one's temper to go ahead of the Kaiser, and that one can a even in wartime. We like it!—Collier's.

What Do You Know?

Where is Camp Wadsworth?
 Name the author of "The Origin of Species," and state what great theory he enunciated in it.

10 H.

3. What two German ambussadors have been assassinated during the present century?

4. Who was "the Apostle of the Indians"?

5. What are the capital and metropolis of Vermont?

6. What is a metropolis? 7. Where is the Kola Peninsula?

. What is the Associated Press? 9 Who fired the first American shot at the

10. Identify "The Ayrshire Bard."

Answers to Yesterday's Oniz The Murman coast is the Arctic Ocean lit-toral of that section of north Russia called the Kola Peninsula.

the Kola Peninsula.

2. Robert Burus, Scottish nost, wrote "The Cotter's Saturday Night," n long narrative nosm which may be best described as a demestic idy.

3. Camp Union is one of the two army canton-ments on Long Island, the other being Camp Mills.

4. A result rum tied State is given its star of the mational flag on the Independence Daynest following its admission to the Union.

5. Harrisburg is the capital and Philadelphia the largest city of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

6. Geograf Caput M. Crywder is June Advecate

the lawest city of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania.

6. General a lawn at Crowder is Judge Advocate General of the United States arms.

7 June 2 dworde theorem in the arms: a military legal official, with rank of brigadier general, chief of the leval bureau of the arms as consultant, and at a charged with review and revision of courts-marthi, and review and revision of courts-marthi, and the stress of the server sugmested the presence of which were sugmested to have the gift of prophery and which were rans-lied both as public and private affairs.

9. The 21 levic Ordered it of rele of Applies at Dels hi, a town of Phoels, in ancient Greece, on the southern slope of Manni Pyranacci, on the southern slope of Manni Pyranacci, and the fact of the Apple has a tester, the favorite of feinty if the loss of the Apple has a server.